DIVINE SARAH AS SHE REALLY IS IN SPARE MOMENTS

No Vixen She, but a Bright and Fascinating Woman That Likes American Oysters and Hoffman House Milk.

ONE LITTLE WEAKNESS-FOR CLAMMY SNAKES.

Notes of an Hour and a Half in the Actress' Apartments While She Dined and Chatted.



OLD me down, somebody, please. Hold me down; l

am going to sour! Sarah and I have jus shaken hands. I feel her warm flesh still, clear to the tips of my fingers. It sent a thrill all over me To touch divinity and live! We had such 'n lovely time together. Think of it, ye common mortals, ar

in her pretty rooms at the Hoffman House, a shrine that many pilgrims seek but few of them flud. It was Sarah as she really is, a charming creature, a gay creature, who just laughs her way into your heart and does not mind it in the least if you go off and die of love. Parbleu! She cannot help it!

I have seen her at her dinner, and the dear, divine creature seems to like to eat just as well as we poor mortals. I have seen the American oyster-happy bivalve!-disappear behind those eloquent lips-lip attuned alike to the thunder of tragedy or the laugh of comedy-and the brew of Milwaukee follows it, and great flagons of milk, too (for Sarah is entranced with the Hoffman House brand of milk), while all the time she laughed and sparkled like the very champagne es sence of womanhood, enjoying life if ever a woman did, and knowing how to skim its cream as well as any dairy maid the top from the most Jerseyesque of

Do you wonder that I am entranced, exhibitated, THEY WOO ON VAIN.

Forty letters came yesterday from persons who wanted autographs. They went into the waste basket; even that curious epistle from the chap who thought to gain his object by imitating the print of a little child.

A score of begging letters got as far as gallant M. Simonson, who acts as the Madame's secretary, and got no further. One modest gentleman requested the oan of 50,000f., evidently thinking if he struck hard



and fast enough that he might land some sort of a Sarah never saw the letter.

An anonymous communication asked the histrionic queen if she was prepared to meet her God, and her she knew that Jesus loved her, with a few similarly pertinent questions such as religious cranks enjoy firing at the heads of those who are afflicted with greatness. But M. Simonson knows his business, and stopped them all, as well as a dozen requests for a sight or an interview with the actress, and a score of invitations to impossible entertain

He has been several years at it, has M. Simonson, and has reached the stage at which an avalanche would not embarrass him. He would flick it off with thumb and finger, and go right on with his business.

business.

Talk about divinity hedging a king! It is nothing to the hedge that grows about our Parisian divinity; a hedge full of thorns and briars to the idle curiosity seeker, and the lady or gentleman who has an axe to grind. But for the happy and favored mortal who care gets within that hedge there is a garden full of flowers and fruits and manifold delights.

It was with repidation that I approached the temple of this histrionic goddess, for I had forgotten about all the French I ever knew. And Sarah did not make much boast of her English proficiency. I trenthed to think of the outcome of a tete-a-tete with her.

But I reckoned without M. Simonson, who came to the rescue gallantly and interpreted so glibly that we got over the hard places without a jay.

You have to catch Saran on the fly, he said, for

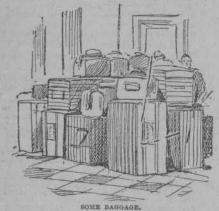
You have to catch Saran on the fly, he said, for her day is so filled with work that site has little lefsure for visiting or other recreation, and none for her favorite pleasures of the palette and the sculptor's bleak

favorité pleasures of the paiette and the schapor s-block.

So he named half-past five, when she should be home from reheursal, as a promising hour, and that is why I had the honor of seeing the goddess at her oysters and Milwankee, which was exactly what was wanted, as the question of interest was the home, or rather hotel, life of the idol of the town. For the benefit of those misguided creatures who have been worshipping the windows on the first floor above the street, let me say that they have been following a false prophet. Bernhardt's rooms are two flights up, instead of one. Her parlor door is right at the head of the stairs. Turn the knob quickly, peek in and can!

She was in her chamber when we entered, so that I had a chance to look about me. The room, which was one of those gayly frescoed affairs of Brother Stokes, and a businessilke, traveller's air about it, as much as to say on behalf of its occupant, "This is not home, but only a makeelift. Madame does not want to have it too comfortable, else she might forget the constant longing to be back to her own cosey nest. She is here for business only. Volla! If you do not like it, keep away."

And that is why the vacant places are filled with



Stewed oysters was the first dish and before she enormous trunks—five from a batch of forty—the smallest of which would hold five Bernhardts, while some of the larger ones would take in the whole company in a mouthful. It is why the centre table is turned into a dining table and another stands at the side filled with dishes and glasses and the various utensilis of alimentary warfare. Her few personal friends when they come do not mind these things, and the rest of humanity is not invited to see them. So all pleasures are almost entirely taboued by the artist until her present mission is ended.

THE NAMELESS IMP.

As the watter is setting the table (for Bernhardt exts)

Stewed oysters was the first dish and before she had findshed it the watter had to put the plete on the delaing dish in order to get it hot enough. This was followed by a little simple fish, a rosst and an the milk being the articles most affected. "In the work of the milk being the articles most affected. "In the work of the milk being the articles most affected. "In the work of the milk being the articles most affected. "In the work of the milk being the articles most affected. "In the work of the milk being the articles most affected. "In the work of the milk being the articles most affected. "In the work of the milk being the articles most affected. "In the work of the milk being the articles most affected. "In the milk being the articles most affected. "In the work of the milk being the articles most affected. "In the work of the milk being the articles most affected. "In the work of the milk being the articles most affected. "In the milk being the articles most affected." "In the milk being the articles most affected. "In the milk being the articles most affected.

all her meals in her own room) I notice that the fare is going to be very light. "Yes," asya M. Simonson, "she eats a very light dinner at this time. The heavy meal of the day is after she comes home from the theater at night. Then I promise you Madame does full justice to the fare."

Two callers were in the room, one of whom was being entertained by pretty Mile. Seylor, a member of the company, who shares the confidences and comforts of Madame's companionship.

About the room romped the oddest looking dog that ever lived. He parked at the heels of those who came and went with all the flerceness and volume of a pemy whistic.

He was just about big enough to fill a quart cup, but was only a pint of pup when Madame bought him. He had a shagy little Scotch terrier face, and a body that seemed to belong to another sort of a dog. The hair was all away. Indeed, the dealer had extorted a great price for him from the woman who loves oddities above all things on the pretence that he was half dog and half cat.

A dog who owns no one master or inistress; a dog who was never known to lay still for a minute.

I asked M. Simonson for some sort of a resume of Bernhardt's daily life. This is about the way it goes.

Bernhardt's daily life. This is about the way it goes.

She rises at half-past nine or ten, but does not dress herself in a hurry, as the morning hours are occupied in taking her comfort, and usually writing to her beloved son Maurice. She hears such letters from the big mall as are deemed worthy of her attention, and suggests rather than dictates the regites.

About noon she is ready for a substantial breakfast of coffee with eggs or chops or steak and fruit—for the lovely Sarah has a healthy appetite.

At two o'clock Muddane goes to rehearsals, and for three hours she and her company do the hardest kind of work. She is her own stage manager and a very exacting one. This gives her from the o'clock to eight to rest, dress and dine and prepare for the evening's conquest, and it is almost midnight before she is again at liberty and ready for the substantial meal of the day, the one that she enjoys most.

All last week she was rehearising for "Cleopatra," which is to be produced to-morrow with the original scenery and accessories, the simple ocean freight on which was \$4,000 and Sunday will bring no rest at

coup milk!" and she laughed heartily at her own little "According to Miss Davenport," I said, "you do not need fattening food."

"Ah, ze Davenport," she said with a shrug of dis-

dain.

"However," I said, "she denies having said what was attributed to her."

"Oh, indeed! She waited six months before making denial," Which shows that the fair Sarah does not take much stock in the Davenpertian pleas of not

guilty.

When I suggested that possibly the American actress liked to have her name appear in such good company she nodded her head and suid she guessed that
was it. It takes a woman to pay a certain kind of
debts.

debts.
"What sort of an actress is Davenport? Has she
the artistic temperament?" she asked after a time.
I told her that Famy was a child of the stage and
the daughter of a great artist, and that her ambition
was very high, but that she hardly ranked among our
great actors.

"That is what I thought," she said with a sigh of

"That is what I thought," she said with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I would like to see her Cleopatra. You have one great artist in America—Clara Morris. Sae is alive yet? Yes? I saw her twice. She is wenderful. And Jefferson—Joe Jefferson—he has no superior in France. Morris was very plain—not pretty. Mary Anderson, she is very beautiful and graceful and a—a good actress, but not great. Langtry is beautiful, beautiful! Potter I know personally but never saw her act. Is she better than Langtry? No? But Ellea Terry is the artist I love. Oh, she is a great artist, a grand artist—so graceful, so bewitching—and Irving is an artist, too, more artist than actor.

"There are very few great artists in any country. France has but four. America has as many as either France or England, and has much talent among the lesser artists. Of course you have no conservatory here, nor is the act atmosphere quite so pronounced as in Paris, but you have no cause to be ashamed of the work that is being done in the better class of your theatres."

I could see by her manner and conversation that she was not talking at haphazard, but from the point of view of one who has seen for herself with eyes that are not blind. One need not talk the language of a



the Caroen Theatre, for the "La Tosca" scenery must be all moved out before the other can be brought in.
"She must got very tired." I said.
"Tired!" Innighed M. Simonson. "Madame is never tired. Her muscles are made of steel. She is very nervous, of course, but she never collapses as other women do. Of course she gets tired in the ordinary sense of the word and is ready for bed when bedtime comes, but in spite of her enormous load of work and responsibility size is always the forester to only of the

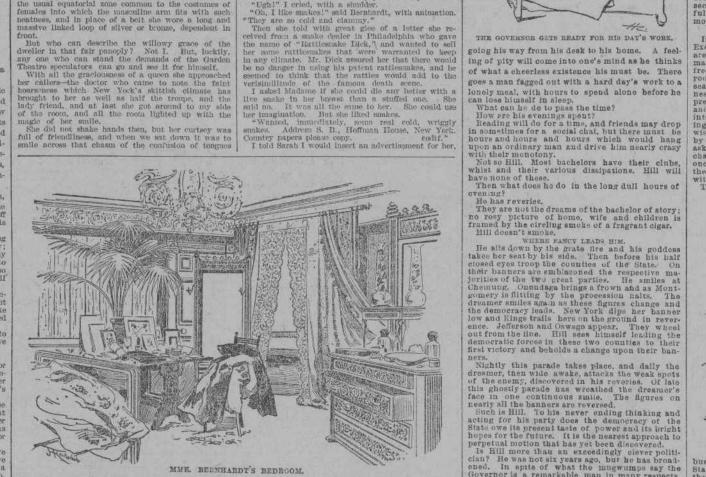
company.

"And she is the joillest, best natured creature you ever saw. I have been with her for five years and I ought to know. I was afraid when I first went, at the request of Mr. Grau, whose secretary I am, to attend to her correspondence. I had heard how 'terrible' she was. But I found instead that she was charming. Of course, she gets in a passion now and then, as anybody will, particularly with her nervous and sensitive temperament, but presto! It is all over in a moment, and everything is forgotten. But here she comes!"

As he spoke the portieres parted and there stood be graceful queen of the stage, the greatest actress if the day, one of those rare artists that are able

About fifteen minutes after this Sarah startled me by suddenly asking:—
"Do you know where I can get some snakes?"

The last one of my serpents is dead. I se for my Cleopatra. M. Simonson is looking to but he cannot find any. I understand that want some for my Cleopatra. M. Sir everywhere but he cannot find any. Davenport has young bos constrictors I told her that snakes were very



which has caused so much embarrassment from Babel's day to ours.

But M. Simonson was there, and all went well, save for occasional breaks. I really think that Madame could talk quite well if she would but take courage and plunge in. "I rid logis parfaiment," she said, with a gesture of deprecation, "but I no spick at all." This was a sentence which she had ovidently rehearsed, and I felt like clapping my hands and crying "Bravo!" I had intended to ask her if she was not going to give us some performances in English, for that is what she promised to do when she was here before, but I concluded that this question might enfely go unasted.

Had the bandway for masked.

Had the bandmar recovered from ner voyage? The Madame had, thank you. Was everything pleasant at the Garden Theatre? Oh, yes. A wonderfully pretty theatre, but altogether too small for the pleasure of heroic size which she had upon her canvas. As much too small for tragedy as "Davenport" was too "what you call"—with a wide, circular sweep of her arms—"big."

Family, you made a wound there which the

too "what you cell"—with a wide, circular sweep of her arms—"big."

Fanny, you made a wound there which does not heal worth a cent.

After exhausting the weather and the Madame's hoarseness and similar light tidblis of conversation, I prevailed on her not to stand on evermony but to attack her dinner, which she consented to do, and was soon engaged in a spirited conversation with her vis-a-vis. Mile, Seylor.

To all who have a wrong idea about Bernhardt, let me say that there is nothing stiff or formal about her. She does not carry her herotes into real life, but has all the lightness and drollery of the French race, and must put in a great many words and laughs and gestures for every mouthful that she takes—an example to guzzling Americans that is worthy of being framed and put up in the market place.

Stewed oysters was the first dish and before she had finished it the watter had to put the plate on the chafing dish in order to get it hot enough. This was followed by a little simple fish, a roast and an entree, all of which were lightly touched, the cysters and the milk being the articles most affected. "I like your American cysters, she said. "And as for the milk here, it is delicious; I cannot get too much of it."

"BEAUCOUP MILE."

and here it is. But I will not be responsible for con-

TOUCHING HER MCTHERHOOD.

It was not long after this that, manike, I put my foot in it by asking after her son Maurice. Was he still in Paris?

Her face, which had been all smiles hitherto, clouded over, and she seemed to see the great gap of three thousand miles of sea that lay between her and her idol.

over, and she seemed to see the great gap of three thousand miles of sea that lay between her and her idol.

"You know my sou Maurice?" she asked, with a mother's food revorberation in her voice. "Yes, he is in Parls. I will see him in six months. He will meet me on my return here with his wife. Ah, me!" She sighed and leaned her head upon her arm—a beautiful picture of sorrowful abandonment—and twice she struck her breast with her clinched nat—blows that would make an ordinary woman faint. I felt like a bette for recalling the separation, but there was nothing that I could do now to recall the mistake. So I let her fight it out, and in a moment or two she was herself again.

I saw Sarah Bernhardt ten years ago, and she looked not a day older yesterday than she did then. Her hair is an aureola of the deepest flame color. Her hair is an aureola of the deepest flame color. Her hairs are long and stender and taper fingered. Her poses were exquisite. The cadences of her voice were marvellous and slender and taper fingered. Her poses were exquisite. The cadences of her voice were marvellous and alluring. It was easy to see that she still holds a mastery over time and women which is most potent, but it is not the witchery of terror as so many fungines it to be.

It would be foolish to say that she is as others are. She possesses all the vagarles and some of the weaknesses of great gening, sublimated and intensified by her sex. She has strange tastes and is whimsical, as, take notice, her pleasure in fooding members of the reptile race, and yet she heartily enjoys the true in art, no matter in which of its branches and Wednesday afternoon played hookey from her vehearsal long congust to enjoy a rich half hour among the recesures of the Sency collection.

But I have pussed an hour and a half in her gracious company, and I am her shave till death, I tear my bleeding heart from its usual place and lay it at her jewelled feet, and by these presents the next man who says a thing against the great and only Sarah has an onem

THE DIFFERENCE.

Rev. Dr. Hyer-Are you a professor of religion? Descon Lowly-No; only a practitioner.

A DAY WITH HILL, OUR BACHELOR GOVERNOR.

Jeffersonian Simplicity Combined with Tilden Method and Grant Tenacity.

REVIEWING SILENT MAJORITIES.

Statecraft an Exclusive Passion and a Liberalizing Art.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.] ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1891 .- "Our Bachelor Gov-

ernor." This is a very popular toast in the city that knows so well the chief executive of the Empire State, David Bennett Hill, Other cities know him personally, and his politi-

cal fame has swept from ocean to ocean, but here at the capital of the State he has become a social as well as a political factor. Hill's personality has many sides. It is hard

even for his friends to know the man. The Governor is known to everybody.

There is a great deal of dignity in the Governor, not born altogether of official life, but innate and natural to him. To those who only see him as the public servant he is distant, reserved and seemingly cold. It takes time to thaw this ice, but underneath it runs a current of geniality which warming through acquired confidence, melts away

People at large will hardly believe how com pletely this reserve can disappear. Hill and humor seem as far apart as were mercy and Napoleon. Yet the Governor enjoys a joke, and I have seen him throw himself upon a sofa, beating his knees and shaking with laughter, like any schoolboy.

In these moments of relaxation Hill is an enjoyable companion. The man is so keyed up all the time to concert pitch by the strain of official life and the responsibility of party leadership that when these moments come he tries hard to stretch them into hours. The Governor would find the hours of pleasure would come far more frequently if he had some one at home to drive away dull care and heavy thought.

HILL'S TIME LOCKED HEART.

But there his no hope. He is a confirmed bachelor. Budding beauty, scheming spinsters and designing mothers have tried their arts in vain. Love may laugh at locksmiths, but Hill has a combination that beats him. Cupid will have to take lessons from a first class safe breaker and use dynamite to gain an entrance into Hill's heart. Yet those who would say that Hill is a woman hater are wide of the mark. He loves them, but as a whole.

Still there is a goodess who lives with him at the Executive Mansion. He woos her night after night in the solltude of his bachelor's study and carries out her mandates at his chamber in the Capitol. She is a siren whose soft voice and beckening finger has lured many a man to his ruin. She is the goddess of politics and to her alone is the Gover-nor wedded. Hill says that politics is his only rec-It is interesting to watch the Governor daily



Then what does he do in the long dull hours of crening?

He has reveries.

They are not the dreams of the bachelor of story; no rosy picture of home, wife and children is framed by the circling smoke of a fragrant cigar.

Hill doesn't smoke.

WHERE FANCY LEADS HIM.

He sits down by the grate lire and his goddess takes her seat by his side. Then before his half closed eyes troop the counties of the State. On their banners are emblazoned the respective majorities of the two great parties. He smiles at Chemung. Onondaya brings a frown and as Montgomery is flitting by the procession halts. The dreamer smiles again as these figures change and the democracy leads. New York dips her banner low and Kings trails here on the ground in reverence. Jefferson and Oswego appear. They whoel out from the line. Hill sees himself leading the democratic forces in these two counties to their first victory and beholds a change upon their banners.

Nichtly this parade takes place, and daily the

democratic forces in these two counties to their first victory and beholds a change upon their banners.

Nightly this parade takes place, and daily the dreamer, then wide awake, attacks the weak spots of the enemy, discovered in his revortes. Of late this ghostly parade has wreathed the dreamer's face in one continuous smile. The figures on nearly all the banners are reversed.

Such is Hill. To his never ending thinking and acting for his party does the democracy of the State owe its present taste of power and its bright hopes for the future. It is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has yet been discovered.

Is Hill more than an exceedingly clever politician? He was not six years age, but he has broadened. In spite of what the mugumps say the Governor is a remarkable man in many respects. Recognizing his deficiencies, his anabition has led him to devour every word on statecraft that he could possibly obtain.

The life and public papers of every statesman in every country have become as familiar to him as the constitution or his State. Both sides of every political question that has risen at Washington in olden and modern times have been studied by him. A close student of Hill's policy as Governor, it is



In this, as in all other things through which he is brought in contact with the public, the Governor is most careful and most selicitus about effect. Men may differ with Hill on all other points, but they must agree that he nover did a silly thing or assumed or could be forced into playing the role of a foolish man.

A day with the Governor is not only an interesting experience, but discloses the many sides of his nature. He rises shortly before eight o'clock every morning, winter and summer. The habits of the Governor are particularly methodical and regular. A half hour is sufficient for the Governor to complete his toilet. The room in which he seeps contains only the barest necessities and the plainest possible furniture. It is not a barren apartment, but in comparison to the luxuriouness characteristic of the other rooms of the Mansion it assumed or could be forced into playing the rôle of a foolish man.

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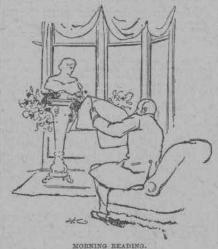
At breakfast the bill of fare never changes. It consists of an orange, oatmeal, one egg, a cup of coffee and some dry toast. Even when the Governor is at the Hoffman House in New York, or at the seaside, the meal is the same. While there is no excuse for the Governor to make so lights meal sway from home, he probably feels compelled to do so here, because he digests the Albany morning papers at breakfast.

He is always at the Executive Chamber by nine o'clock. People on the route between the Mansion and the Capitol set their watches by the Governor's coming and going to work. He leaves the Mansion at a quarter to nine, and turns the corner of Eagle and State streets at five minutes to nine sharp. He always walks. As a rule, Albany sidewalks are more slippery than any places he has struck in politics. He passes over them with the same care that characterizes his official acts. The Governor never strides, but walks lightly and hurriedly. When ice covers the pavement he has a peculiar habit of extending his arms from the shoulder and balancing himself with them.

Other Governors have kept horses. Hill says bluntly he can't afford it. The salary is \$10,000 a year, with nothing allowed but the Mansion and its lighting and heating. It is true that Hill has no expensive tastes, but he entertains as much as any Governor has before him, and several big receptions, together with numerous official and semi-official dinners, make a big hole in his annual stipend.

Stipend.

He has also to pay the servants at the Executive Mansion, the State supplying only a gardener and



a watchman. The wages of a steward, a house-keeper, cook, laundress and chambermald are no small item, and the Governor pays liberally.

On arriving at the Capitol the Governor reaches his sanctum through a private entrance. This is a wooden shed and an eyespore. It is a temporary affair, built pending the completion of the main entrance to the Capitol.

EDITORIAL DUTIES.

The shed has a door opening on State street, to which the Governor and his secretary. Colonel Williams, alone have keys. Laying aside his coat and hat the Governor becomes for an hour a veritable city editor. Before him are placed open all the New York dailies.

With a practice born of long experience the Governor runs down column after column, passing lightly over uninteresting matter, but reading closely everything bearing upon affairs of State, politics and himself. No particular payer is ever selected to be read first. He takes them as they lee, reading with equal care attacks and encomiums. As fast as he finishes a paper it is thrown on the floor, until the whole pile has been read. By this time another pile of papers makes its appearance—the rural papers of the State. There is not time to go through these in the same way the New York papers have been gone through, and so the Governor hit upon a minute-saving expedient. Previous to his arrival those papers have been examined by a clerk, who has marked everything that he thinks will interest the Governor. By this methodical device Governor Hill, before he starts in on his day's work, has obtained the latest expression of State sentiment and has acquainted himself with public opinion throughout the nation.

Next comes his mail. It has been screed into two piles, personal and official. The Governor

and his surroundings that any one can have an interview with him by stepping forward and speaking. The usual practice, however, for those who wish to speak with the Governor is to reach him by card. The attendants in the antersom always ask whether one wishes to see the Governor or the chamber. If the latter, you are allowed to enter at once; but if the former, you remain outside until the attendant presents your name and returns with "the Governor will see you."

There was never a more-get-at-able tovernor. On



THE GOVERNOR WALKS TO THE CAPITOL.

busy days the preference is given to Senators, State officers and Assemblymen. On all weekdays there is a constant stream of visitors from ten in the morning until six in the evening.

Cloveland and Hill inaugurated a new system for New York's dovernors. It is a system of incessant work. Both being bachelors, with no domestic or family cares to engross their attention, they have devoted their whole time to the State.

Various matters are brought to the Governor's attention before one o'clock, his time for luncheon. He writes his private letters at home in the evening, but during the morning he signs bills, examines applications for pardons and transacts a vast amount of business which comes to the Governor. Not a moment is wasted. To prevent interruption in this work appointments for interviews are made for the afternoon.

His secretary, Colonel Williama, a newspaper man, says he never met a man who can get at the point of a case quicker than Hill. In pardon cases the sympathetic side is made most prominent, but the Governor, while not hard hearted, insists upon going to the merits.

There are always two sides to a bill. Hill's great forte is to reconcile opponents and to send them away sutisfied with the compromise which he suggests.

Frequently the routine work is so great that the Governor cannot get away to luncheon at one

suggests.

Frequently the routine work is so great that the Governor earnot get away to luncheon at one o'clock, and often he does not leave at all, but has his luncheon brought in, which is of the simplest kind. Ordinarily, however, one o'clock finds the Governor on the street, with his face turned toward the Executive Mansion. It is only a short distance away, but in order to reach it one must, as in going anywhere in Albany, go up and down hill several times.

abywhere in Aldahy, go up and hown his several times.

HOME OF THE EXECUTIVE.

The location of the mansion does not suit the Governor any more than it does the citizens of the city who do not reside in its immediate vicinity. But the State owned the property when the building of a mansion was under consideration, and economy prompted the selection of the present site. The house itself pleases Hill, and he says it is a good enough home for anybody. The fitting up he is a good enough home for anybody. The fitting up he is a good enough home for anybody. The fitting up and appointments are neat, tasty and comfortable, but there are many private homes eren in regument. There are hundreds of men far below Hill in mental capacity who are better "talkers." Given time fill will prepare a speech clear in argument time fill will prepare a speech clear in argument time fill will prepare a speech clear in argument their present satisfactory condition at a cost of \$10,000.

The Governor does not post in the femocratic party is left to shift for itself. The "reveries," in which the nightly planning is deven or clock. He is a good, sound sleeper, and for eight hours at least out of the twenty-four the democratic party is left to shift for itself. The "reveries," in which the nightly planning is detect the effect of his reading and in state owned the property when the building of a mansion was under consideration, and ecty who are the state owned the property when the building of a mansion was under consideration, and ecty who are the state owned the property when the building of a mansion was under consideration, and ecty who are the state owned the property when the building of a mansion was under consideration, and the state owned the property when the building of a mansion of the present site fleases Hill, and he says it is a good enough home site pleases Hill, and he says it is a good enough home site pleases Hill, and he says it is a good enough home site pleases. The four the fill of the counties, with their baniers, as



AT THE CAPITOL.

seventh birthday having occurred on August 29,

seventh birthday having occurred on August 29, 1890.

Very few know how much the Governor was affected by the recent death of his nephew at Newark, N. J. He was much attached to the young man, but so odious in the Governor's eyes is the sin of nepotism that although he would have liked to have had his nephew with him and could easily have attached him to a lucrative position in the public service, he decided it was far better for the young man to rely upon himself. He had educated him and established him in his business of electrical engineer.

STATE DINNERS.

The chief meal with the Governor is his evening dinner. The regular hour is six o'clock, but it is oftener seven before the Governor takes his seat at the table. Usually he dines alone, but frequently he brings home with him one of the State officers, a judge of the Court of Appeals, his private secretary, or any distinguished man who may be temporarily stopping in the city. No matter who the guest may be he is obliged to take 'pot luck.' The Governor is not an epicure. He likes plain food, but it must be bountiful, well cooked and well served. His steward, Endolph Bieri, a Swiss, knows just what the Governor likes, but is able to provide a most elaborate dinner, when occasion demands.

On two occasions each winter Bieri is assisted by

to provide a most elaborate dinner, when occasion demands.

On two occasions each winter Bieri is assisted by the best caterer in Albany. The house is beautifully decorated with flowers and music is provided for the guests. These occasions are the two official receptions. They are events in the social life of the capital. One is given to the ladies of the city, the other to the members of the Legislature and State officers. The Governor is not compelled to give these receptions, as the State makes no provision for them, but the Governor feels that something of this kind ought to be done every year, and does it at his own expense.

Wine is furnished at both of these State receptions and at all dinners at which there are guests. But the Governor's glass always remains turned down.

Hill does not drink.

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HARE ABSTEMIOUSNESS.

Perhaps no great amount of credit is due the Governor for his abstemiousness. All spirituous liquors are to him like vinegar in taste and poison in effect. It is often said that he has never touched liquor. This is not so. I myself saw him once take a drak of whiskey. It was down at Long Beach one day toward the close of the season. The air was a littic chilly, but the breakers were glorious and the Governor longed for a plunge in the surf. He did not look very pretty in his bathing suit, but that made no difference, as the bathers had no idea that the man in the blue bag suit was the Governor of the State of New York. Hill is fond of bathing and he stayed in too long.

When he came out and had reached the hotel he was taken with a chill. Mark Enetis, his travelling companion, became alarmed at the Governor's appearance. His cheeks were white, his lips



exercised violentity, but could not get warm Finally he barely wet the bottom of a glass with whiskey and said, in a voice of desperation, "Well I have got to take a drink." He tried hard to do it. The smell of the whiskey seemed to aggravate the chill, and the face he made would have delighted a republican comic weekly. It was really painful to see the effort it cost the Governor to swallow that teaspoonful of whiskey, and the laugh that broke forth added much to the benchcial effects of the liquor.

paintful to see the effort it cost the Governor to swallow that teaspoonful of whiskey, and the laugh that broke forth added much to the beneficial effects of the liquor.

SIMPLE INDULGENCE.

In the summer he would walk ten miles to see a baseball match. Envious politicians say that what he likes about the theatre is the plot of the play and that the chances and display of skill in a ball match picase him greatly.

There are billiard and pool tables at the Executive Mansion and sometimes when he has guests he uses the cue after dinner.

There is no horseshee over the door of the Executive Mansion, but its present occupant is not entirely devoid of supersition. When the mansion was being repared the workmen found one morning a tiny killen that they could not drive away. They said that this meant good luck and the Governor sared with them. He look poor tabby in and she has been his fiveside companion ever since. He named her "Veto" and to her fed all the obnoxious bills which the Legislature passes. It is said that Hill regard "Veto" as part of the Executive Mansion, and will leave her for his successor. The only other pet owned by the Governor is a big English mastiff, the only thing English, the Governor sory, about the premises. It was given to him by Surrogate Ransom, of New York. The dog was born in the Catekills, so he is an American citizen of English descent. Judge Wallace, of Syracuse, has his brother.

As a boy Governor Hill was brought up in an orthodox manner. He is not a religious man, nor is he irreligious. He is an Eniscopalian and has a pow at St. Peter's Church in which he regularly appears Sunday mornings.

The bighest duty of an American citizen in the eyes of the Governor fells the has discharged his duty to the State for the day. His orders to his servants he had her of the passage of laws making voting compulsory. He never fails to go to Elmira and cast his vote at every election, and on those, as on every other occasion when he travels, he always buys his railiroad ticket. He never accepts